

# The Desert TO THE TRUE AMERICAN.

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VOL. 1.

## THE TWO CASTLES;

A ROMANCE.

Not worse the fruit,  
That in the wilderness the blossom blew.  
Among the shepherds, in the humble cot,  
I learn'd some lessons, which I'll not forget,  
When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.

HUME.

THE night was dark and cold—while the wind howling in dismal blasts, threatened almost instant demolition to the already half-decayed cottage of Pierre la Motte; who with his wife Jaqueline, had been prevented from retiring to rest by the increasing violence of the tempest. Twice had they replenished the blazing hearth since their usual hour of repose; yet still the fury of the storm seemed unabated. The oldest of the inhabitants in that province could not remember such a hurricane. All the elements seemed in contention; while the awful peals of thunder, and vivid flashes of lightning at that unusual season (for it was in the month of November) filled the spectators with dread.

"Goodness a' mercy! (cried Jaqueline) how can that dear girl sleep amidst all this noise? I am sure it is enough to wake the dead. *Mon Dieu!* how I tremble!"

"Indeed, it is very uncomfortable (replied Pierre, with a shrug); but if you, Jaqueline, would draw a fresh jug of beer, and bring me a clean pipe, it would make the time pass more pleasantly, since you will not come to bed; besides, then I can talk with you about Ella."

Jaqueline took the jug, and was just quitting the room, when a shrill scream reverberated round the cottage. The report of a pistol was heard, succeeded by a groan, and again all was hushed in silence.—The affrighted woman caught fast hold of her husband for protection; while he, more active in the cause of humanity, snatched down a fusée which was suspended across the chimney—and seizing the candle in the other hand, sallied forth, in zealous despite of the remonstrances and entreaties of Jaqueline, who remained, overpowered by foreboding fears, within the door of their humble mansion.

The rain soon extinguished his feeble taper, and the total darkness that prevailed added to the horror of the moment. Uncertain whither to direct his steps, he rested some minutes, to catch any sound which might give more certainty, and heard between the passing gusts of wind the voices of people plaintively conversing. A faint glimmering through the trees directed his course, and he soon gained sight of the object he was in search of.

By the light of an almost extinguished torch which lay on the ground, he perceived two youths of pleasing and uncommon figure, seated on the turf: the long flowing tresses of him who appeared to be the youngest were drenched in the rain, as were also his disordered garments; and an expression of horror and distress was depicted on his countenance, as he vainly endeavoured to staunch the blood, which was flowing in copious streams from a wound in the side of his companion whom he was supporting.

Pierre approached, and, in a submissive but benignant manner, tendered his assistance, which was accepted by the youthful stranger with evident gratitude. Between them they raised the wounded man from the wet earth. He was quite insensible, through pain and loss of blood, added to the intense coldness of the night. With care they conveyed him to the cottage; where Jaqueline, recovered from her innateness at sight of her husband in safety, busied herself in preparing for the accommodation of their unfortunate guest. Ella was summoned, and assisted with alacrity in preparing their best bed for the stranger—into which he was put, after Jaqueline had, with linen bandages, prevented the effusion of blood, which threatened to render all their care futile.

Leaving the afflicted youth, his companion, to watch beside him, Pierre fetched his horse from the stable; it being then day-break, set off for S\*\*\*\*, the nearest town for a surgeon. Fortunately he procured a man of great eminence in the profession—who, after extracting the ball, declared the wound to be very trivial. Ella was vigilant in her attention, and shared with Edgar (the other stranger) in the task of watching their invalid.

Owing to their unremitting attention, in the course of a week the stranger was sufficiently recovered to associate with the family at breakfast. He thanked them all, in the most graceful and elegant manner; and casting his eyes, with an expressive glance towards the embarrassed Ella, entreated her further friendship for his sister Margaretta.

All eyes were immediately directed, with astonishment, to the youth who had before appeared so interesting. His confusion explained the mystery; and Ella, pressing the hand extended to her, confessed, in an arch manner, the danger she felt she should have been in, had the sex of their guest remained much longer a secret. They all smiled at this folly, and the eyes of the strangers were more forcibly attracted towards the author of it.

The figure of Ella (although she had not yet attained her complete stature) was far from contemptible; and the plain simplicity of her habit, precluding all aid from ornament, served but to make her native loveliness shine more

conspicuous. Her complexion was peculiarly fair, and adorned with the glow and health of innocence. Her eyes, of bright azure, occasionally glistened with the pensive tear of sensibility, or sported with the effusions of artless vivacity, each equally enchanting. Her fine hair, of a pale auburn, curled lightly over her forehead, and descended her back, loose and unconfined, in wild luxuriance, displaying to advantage her well-turned neck and shoulders, and added charms to youth and beauty.

After gazing at her for some time in pleasing astonishment, the stranger, whose name was Edmund, addressed Pierre—

"It may be necessary, my good friend, (said he) to acquaint you with the cause of his disguise, which may otherwise tend to give you a very unfavourable opinion of me. As the tale is long, and as I wish at present to consult you upon more material business, I will briefly state—That we were born and educated in Scotland, and are descended from a noble family. An unfortunate affair of honor has compelled me to become an exile. My sister, ever the partner of my sorrows, would not desert me at this period; and has, under this disguise, consented to share my fate. It was my intention to repair to Bologna. Passing through this forest on our way thither, we lost our road, and have reason to believe our guide betrayed us; for he disappeared soon after our entrance into it. Some banditti rushed upon us, and one of them discharged the contents of his piece in my side. I have, however, reason to believe the wound I received was not from the hand of a common robber, particularly as our property remains untouched."

They all concurred in this opinion. He proceeded:

"It is my wish to fix my residence in some retired part of France. My fortune at present is not inconsiderable. I should prefer a *chateau* somewhere in the vicinity of this spot, if such a one could be found uninhabited, where we might sometimes hope for the society of yourself and amiable family, to divert the solicitude to which we must unavoidably consign ourselves."

Pierre, elated with the idea of the honor about to be conferred upon him, began to sit very uneasy upon his seat. Jaqueline looked, as she felt, quite entranced; and Ella, who had sat with her eyes fixed on the elegant speaker, withdrew them in confusion, as he rivetted his on her at the end of his address.

For some time they were all silent, till Edmund, repeating his question, "Whether he knew of any?" recalled the wandering senses of Pierre, who replied, in some trepidation—

"Why yes, *mi lord* (for in Pierre's imagination he was already titled)—it is very odd

loaded with Jaqueline's intelligence, repaired joyfully to my dear master, and glad-

mined." "But (said the marquis) how will it be pos-

who produced a *lettre-de-casé*, by which they were authorised to convey the marquis to the



—very fortunate, I mean. I know of a very beautiful castle.—To be sure it is rather old—*mais n'importe!* you may live in it for nothing, and be thanked too—but then——”

“*Ciel!* what are you talking of?—Do you think madame Margareta would live in such a place?—Why it is haunted!”

Pierre seemed vexed and disconcerted.

“Why, *vraiment* (replied he), there are strange things told about this same castle—*Mais pour moi*, I don't believe them all; but, if you please *mi lor*, (addressing Edmund) I will tell you the legend of the two castles.”

“I will thank you, if you would first let me have a view of it (replied Edmund), as perhaps your trouble may not be necessary.”

Pierre assenting, he took his arm—and together they quitted the cottage. In about an hour they returned.

Edmund was evidently satisfied, and said nothing till they sat down to dinner: he then turned to his sister.—

“My dear Margareta, I have almost decided upon the affair.—You shall see the castle yourself; and I think, unless you have more weakness in you than I suspect, you will not object to my plan.”

“I fear (replied she, smiling) if you allude to the haunted castle, you will find me a mere woman. One only arrangement could induce me to risk being carried off in the night by some supernatural agent; but of that another time.—I am now ready to accompany you, only requesting the arm of my young friend Ella.”

They then quitted the cot, escorted by Edmund, and la Motte, as they proceeded, pointed out to them the beauties of the surrounding objects.

“Our cottage, madame, (said he to Margareta) which you have so much honoured with your presence, is, as you may perceive, situated in a valley.—Turn your eyes to the right; on the eminence you behold the magnificent castle of du Barrè, the owners of which are more renowned for their military achievements than for their domestic virtues. Of them you shall hear further presently.”

They were now ascending a steep acclivity, which led them to a venerable pile of building, situated on the top, called the castle de Montreuil, and the one to which they were repairing. The height of the ascent obliged them to halt several times; and Pierre, leaving them to the care of Edmund, hastened forwards to open the gates. They at length attained the summit, and were welcomed into the castle.

This building, like most of that age, was a large dreary Gothic pile, heavily and irregularly built; the massive gates, tessellated pavement, and high casements, struck a pleasing awe on the mind of Margareta, who was a child of romance; and she gazed around in silent admiration.

Fatigued with their walk, they seated them-

selves round a spacious oak table, in a place which had in days of yore been the servant's hall; and, at Edmund's request, Pierre began to relate the story he had heard respecting this ancient building. They listened in dread expectation, and he thus began.

(To be Continued.)

## On the ORIGIN of PRINTING

THE first testimony of the inventor is that recorded by Hadrian Junius, in his *Batavia*, p. 253, ed. Lugd. Bat. 1588; which, though it hath been rejected by many, is of undoubted authority. Junius had the relation from two reputable men; Nicolaus Galius, who was his schoolmaster, and Quirinius Talensius, his intimate and correspondent. He ascribes it to Laurentius the son of John (*Ædituus*, or *Custos*, of the Cathedral at Harleim, at that time a respectable office), upon the testimony of Cornelius, sometime a servant to Laurentius, and afterwards bookbinder to the Cathedral, an office which had before been performed by Franciscan Friars. His narrative was thus: That, walking in a wood near the city (as the citizens of opulence use to do) he began at first to cut some letters upon the rind of a beech tree; which, for fancy's sake, being impressed on paper, he printed one or two lines, as a specimen for his grandchildren (the sons of his daughter) to follow. This having happily succeeded, he meditated greater things (as he was a man of ingenuity and judgment), and first of all, with his son-in-law Thomas Peter (who by the way, left three sons, who all attained the consular dignity) invented a more glutinous writing ink, because he found the common ink sunk and spread; and then formed whole pages of wood, with letters cut upon them; of which sort I have seen some essays, in an anonymous work, printed only on one side, intitled, ‘*Speculum nostræ salutis*.’ in which it is remarkable, that in the infancy of printing (as nothing is complete at its first invention) the back side of the pages were pasted together, that they might not by their nakedness betray their deformity.—These beechen letters he afterwards changed for leaden ones, and these again for a mixture of tin and lead (*stannæas*), as a less flexible and more solid and durable substance. Of the remains of which types, when they were turned to waste metal, those old wine-pots were cast, that are still preserved in the family-house, which looks into the marketplace, inhabited afterwards by his great grandson Thomas Gerard, a gentleman of reputation, whom I mention for the honour of the family, and who died old a few years since. A new invention never fails to engage curiosity. And when a commodity never before seen excited purchasers, to the advantage of the inventor; the admiration of the art increased, dependents were enlarged and workmen multiplied, the first calamitous incident! Among these was one John Faustus. This man bound by oath to keep the secret of printing, when he thought he had learnt the art of joining the letters, the method

of casting the types, and other things of that nature, taking the most convenient time that was possible, on Christmas-eve, when every one was customarily employed in lustral sacrifices, seized the collection of types, and all the implements his master had got together, and, with one accomplice, marches off to Amsterdam, thence to Cologne, and at last settled at Mentz, as at an asylum of security, where he might go to work with the tools he had stolen. It is certain that in a year's time, viz. in 1442, the *Doctrinale* of Alexander Gallus which was a grammar much used at that time, together with the tracks of Peter of Spain came forth there, from the same types as Laurentius had made use of at Harleim. Thus far the narrative of Junius, which he had frequently heard from Nicolaus Galius: to whom it was related by Cornelius himself, who lived to a great age, and used to burst into tears upon reflecting on the loss his master had sustained, not only in his substance, but in his honour, by the roguery of this servant, his former associate and bed-fellow. Cornelius, as appears by the registers of Harleim cathedral, died either in 1515, or the beginning of the following year; so that he might very well give this information to Nicolaus Galius, who was schoolmaster to Hadrian Junius.

Junius was however, mistaken with respect to John Faustus. for he was a wealthy man, who indeed assisted the first Printers at Mentz with money; and, though he afterwards was proprietor of a printing-office, yet he never, as far as appears, performed any part of the business with his own hands; and consequently he could never have been a servant to Laurentius.

All things being fully considered, it appears, that John Geinsfleisch, senior, was the dishonest person who was born at Mentz, and afterwards worked with Laurentius at Harleim, from whence he returned to his native place, and printed several books in the year 1442, and improved the wooden types used by his master in 1438, by casting metal ones.

These types were further improved by Peter Schoeffer, who was servant to Faustus and who afterwards married his daughter. Faustus and Schoeffer concealed this new improvement, by administering an oath of secrecy to all whom they entrusted, till the year 1462, when by the dispersion of their servants into different countries, at the sacking of Mentz, by the Archbishop Adolphus, the invention was publicly divulged.

## ABOULHAMED AND THE BRAHMIN

ABOULHAMED was the only son of a wealthy merchant at Ormus, and on his father's death possessed all his treasure. Everything that riches could bestow was within his power; but he found that there were some blessings which riches could not procure—long life was not to be purchased; perhaps, for that very reason he earnestly wished for it.



This idea became strongly impressed upon his mind; it was his last thought at going to rest, and the first when he awoke.

When once the spirits are strongly moved, they continue the agitation without a fresh effort; it was not then unnatural that his dreams should be sometimes on the subject which had engaged his waking thoughts. One of these dreams appeared to him a revelation in vision of what he so earnestly wished to obtain—his guardian Angel bade him depart for Benares, where he should find in the observatory, a Brahmin sitting near the great quadrant, who would inform him how to lengthen life.

His imagination dwelt with so much pleasure on this juncture, that he conceived it to be repeated, and that to delay his voyage would be criminal. After the usual time he arrived safely at Benares and took the earliest opportunity of visiting the observatory.

Upon actually finding a Brahmin in the place as he had seen him in his dream, Aboulhamed accosted him with a confidence founded on the hope of the Brahmin being sent there to meet him. "Venerable sage," says he, "need I acquaint you with the cause which brought me to Benares?" "It is needless," replied the Brahmin—

Why dost thou desire long-life? Is it to perfect thyself in knowledge, or in virtue? Hast thou predicted some conjunctions of the planets which thou desirest to see accomplished—Hast thou entered upon a course of study which the Angel of Death may prevent thy finishing, or commenced works of benevolence which the usual term of man's life is too short for bringing to perfection? Aboulhamed with blushes confessed, that he wished for long-life solely to enjoy his riches—"Alas!" said the Brahmin, "what enjoyment is there of life when old age has destroyed our appetites and passions? Thy first wish should have been for perpetual youth, and then the other would have been rational. Know, stranger, that before thy heart had begun to beat, the number of its contractions was determined. No art or earthly power can add one to the sum, but it depends on thyself whether it shall be exhausted sooner or later. At the beginning of things, when Brahma was appointed to create the human species, he judged 2,831,718,400 pulsations were the proper number for the duration of a life of seventy years—of these 100,800 are daily expended. If instead of this allowance thou wilt force thy heart to beat twice as many, although thy destiny be not changed, thou livest but half thy time. By a life of reason and temperance the last stroke is long delayed, but by wasting thy spirits in folly and riot the appointed number is quickly accomplished. Remove the ballance from the machine with which Europeans measure time, and the wheels will hurry through their proper revolution of thirty hours in a few seconds. Immense should thy possessions be to afford the daily expence of 100,800 of the smallest coin—One day's income is too great to be lost—Of how much more consequence then is this sum, if applied to Time, which is invaluable? In the dissipation of worldly treasure the frugality of the future may balance the extravagance of the past; but who can say, "I will take from minutes to-morrow, to compensate those I have lost to-day?"

Thou desirest long-life—are there not many

hours in every day which pass unimproved, and even unnoticed? Use the first, before thou demandest more. Be assured that the term which nature has allotted to our existence, is sufficient for all *her* purposes, and for all *ours*, if we employ it, properly; but if we waste our time instead of improving it, what right have we to complain of the want of that, of which we already possess more than we use?

Aboulhamed, making his salam to the Brahmin departed; and like his fellow mortals, felt all the inferiority of being instructed, without the benefit of the instruction; for he still continued to wish for life, and still continued to squander it away.

## The Desert.

SATURDAY, MAY 11.

ELEGANT AND JUST

Comparison of

ADDISON WITH SHAKESPEARE.

(BY DR. JOHNSON.)

ADDISON speaks the language of poets, and SHAKESPEARE, of men. We find in *Cato* innumerable beauties which enamour us with human sentiments or human actions; we place it with the fairest and noblest progeny which judgment propagates by conjunction with learning; but *Othello* is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of observation impregnated by genius. *Cato* affords a splendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers just and noble sentiments, in diction easy, elevated, and harmonious, but its hopes and fears communicate no vibration to the heart; the composition refers us only to the writer; we pronounce the name of *Cato*, but we think on ADDISON.

The composition of *Shakespeare* is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and roses; filling the mind with awful pomp, and gratifying the eye with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shapes and polished into brightness. *Shakespeare* opens a mind, which contains gold and diamonds in unexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals.

## HUMANITY.

GENTLENESS, which belongs to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from the mean spirit of cowards, and the fawning assent of sycophants.—It renounces no just right from fear:—it gives up no important truth from flattery:—it is indeed not only consistent with a firm mind, but it necessarily requires a manly spirit and a fixed principle in order to give it any real value,

It stands opposed to harshness and severity—to pride and arrogance—to violence and oppression:—it is, properly, that part of the real virtue charity, which makes us unwilling to give pain to any of our brethren.

—It corrects whatever is offensive in our manners and, by a constant train of humane attentions, studies to alleviate the burden of common misery;—Its office is therefore extensive; it is continually in action, when we are engaged in intercourse with men.—It ought to form our address, regulate our speech, and to diffuse itself over our whole behaviour.

That gentleness which is a characteristic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its seat in the heart.

—In that unaffected civility which springs from a gentle mind, there is a charm infinitely more powerful than in all the studied manners of the most finished courtier.

It is founded on a sense of what we owe to him who made us, and to the common nature of which we all share.—It arises from reflection on our own failings and wants, and from just views of the condition and duty of man.—It is native feeling heightened and improved by principle. It is the heart which easily relents; which feels for every thing that is human; and is backward and slow to inflict the least wound. It is affable in its address, and mild in its demeanour; ever ready to oblige, and be obliged, by others; breathing habitual kindness towards friends, courtesy to strangers, long suffering to enemies.

It exercises authority with moderation;—administers reproof with tenderness; confers favours with care and modesty.—It is unassuming in opinion, and temperate in zeal.—It contends not eagerly about trifles; slow to contradict, and still slower to blame; but prompt to allay dissention and restore peace.—It neither intermeddles unnecessarily with the affairs, nor pries inquisitively into the secrets of others.—It delights, above all things to alleviate distress; and, if it cannot dry up the falling tear, to soothe at least the grieving heart.

Where it has not the power of being useful, it is never burdensome.—It seeks to please rather than shine and dazzle, and conceals with care that superiority, either of talents or of rank, which are oppressive to those who are beneath it.—It is a great avenue to mutual enjoyment: amidst the strife of interfering interests, it tempers the violence of contention, and keeps alive the seeds of harmony.—It softens animosities, renews endearments, and renders the countenance of a man a refreshment to man.—It prepossesses and wins every heart.—It persuades when every other argument fails; often disarms the fierce, and melts the stubborn.

repaired joyfully to my dear master, and glad-

"But (said the marquis) how will it be pos-

who produced a *lettre-de-cachet*, by which they were authorised to convey the marquis to the





## STANZAS FOR MAY.

### ADDRESSED TO THE MOON.

YE silent Orbs! and thou pale Nymph of Night!  
 Whose soft resplendence gems the distant Pole,  
 Aid me to soar beyond thy changeful light,  
 Beyond where Suns, or circling Seasons roll,  
 Ah! teach me o'er this dust, to rise sublime;  
 The muse impatient, chides the tardy hours;  
 Clears the dark foilage from the brow of time;  
 And weaves her wreath of amaranthine flowers.  
 If social feeling claim the sigh sincere—  
 If e'er remembrance wake her soothing art;  
 Dispel from Nature's blushing cheek the tear,  
 And hide each human weakness from my heart.  
 Do thou, stern Fortitude! the pang reprove;  
 Touch'd by thy hand, life's summer visions die;  
 Ah! shade the glowing scenery of love—  
 Of friendship, hope, and sensibility.  
 In silence wrapt the day's warm breezes sleep:  
 Soft echo faint returns the Ring-dove's lay;  
 On the soft bosom of the azure deep,  
 The moon-beam trembles, and the light clouds  
 How oft, fair Moon, beneath thy pensive beam,  
 In halcyon ease, the white-rob'd moment sped!  
 Alas! these sparkling moments faintly gleam;  
 And each soft scene of vernal beauty's fled.  
 Ah! whither fled?—The harbinger of morn,  
 Again returning, wakes the orient ray;  
 Through the grey mist meek twilight, gently born,  
 Sheds her soft dews, and renovates the day.  
 The spring—the summer—languid autumn reigns;  
 Chill winter closes on the darken'd year;  
 In rich profusion Nature decks the plains,  
 And all creation fills its destin'd sphere.  
 Shall man alone, in Fate's dark tempest tost,  
 By warring elements resistless driven—  
 Shall man, alas! in mental chaos lost,  
 Close the dim eye and bar the light of Heaven?  
 Ah no! the muse beyond this changeful clime,  
 Presents futurity by seraphs dreight,  
 Smiles at the swift receding ills of time,  
 And points to scenes of never ending rest.

There shall the breast repose in perfect peace  
 The tear forget—the pang of nature o'er;  
 Yon lucid orbs their silent watch shall cease,  
 And thou, resplendent Moon! be seen no more  
 ELVIRA.

## FROM THE LAPLAND TONGUE.

THOU rising sun, whose gladsome ray  
 Invites my fair to rural play,  
 Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,  
 And bring my Orra to my eyes.  
 Oh! were I fure my dear to view,  
 I'd climb that pine-tree's topmost bough,  
 Aloft in air that quivering plays,  
 And round and round for ever gaze  
 My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?  
 What wood conceals my sleeping maid?  
 Fast by the roots enrag'd I'll tear  
 The trees that hide my promis'd fair.  
 Oh! could I ride on clouds and skies,  
 Or on the raven's pinions rise!  
 Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,  
 And waft a lover on his way!  
 My bliss too long my bride denies,  
 Apace the wasting summer flies:  
 Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,  
 Not storms or night shall keep me here.  
 What may for strength with steel compare?  
 Oh! love has fetters stronger far,  
 By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,  
 But cruel love enchains the mind.  
 No longer then perplex thy breast;  
 When thoughts torment, the first are best;  
 'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,  
 Away to Orra, haste away!

MRS. RADCLIFFE.

THIS lady's novels have a bewitching interest. The power of painting the terrible and the mysterious is hers, in an eminent degree, but her sketches of landscape, though always indicating a skilful painter, are too numerous and minute. They may be called the miniature pictures of nature. Whether in the vales of Aron, or among the craggs of the Appennines, unsatisfied with general description, she chooses to note every spire of grass, and every shrub of the rock. In the labyrinthian scenes of her ca-

bles and her forests, the attentive critic may discern a degree of finesse and stage trick, which, often repeated, offends, rather than surprises. When curiosity pants to discover the secrets of a desolate chamber, or a ruined abbey, some, perhaps many, impediments may be judiciously thrown in Fancy's way. But the rusty and bloody key, the glimpse of fancied apparitions, the perplexed path and the impracticable stair case, occur so often in Mrs. Radcliffe's midnight rambles, that they soon lose their power of deception. But let pruning criticism lop what it may, the laurels of this lady cannot be injured. Her style pure, harmonious and forcible, might be a model, even to masculine writers. In the exhibition of the nicer, and less obvious shades of character, she has caught the strength and the spirit of TACITUS and SHAKESPEARE. The family of La Luc is an enchanting group, not less agreeable from its resemblance to the La Roche of Mackenzie; and the fierceness of Montoni, and the fears of Emily St. Aubert, are admirably contrasted.

## THE MORALIST.

Consider how we ought to be affected, when they, from whom some suspicions have alienated, or rivalry has divided us; they with whom we have long contended, or by whom we imagine ourselves to have suffered, are laid, or about to be laid, in the grave. How inconsiderable then appear those broils in which we have been long involved, those contests and feuds which we thought were to last forever! The awful moment that now terminates them, makes us feel for their vanity. If there be a spark of humanity left in the breast, the remembrance of our common fate then awakens it. Is there a man who, if he were admitted to stand by the death-bed of his bitterest enemy, and behold him enduring that conflict, which human nature must suffer at last, would not be inclined to stretch forth the hand of friendship, to utter the voice of forgiveness, and to wish for perfect reconciliation with him before he left the world? Who is there, that when he beholds the remains of his adversary deposited in the dust, feels not, in that moment some relentsings at the remembrance of those past animosities which mutually embittered their life? There lies the man, with whom I contended so long, silent & mute forever. He is fallen; and I am about to follow him. How poor is the advantage which I now enjoy! Where are the fruits of all our contests? In a short time we shall be laid together, and no remembrance remain of either of us, under the sun.

BLAIR.

## ANECDOTE.

A poor boy seeing a gentleman walking the street, placed himself in a convenient place to speak with him; when the gentleman came up, the boy pulled off his hat, held it out to the gentleman, and begged for a few cents. "Money," exclaimed the gentleman, "you had better beg for manners than money." "I asked for that," said the boy, "I thought you had the most of."